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PGS.

AMERICAN
CO. INC. GROUP
ACG

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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10¢



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



THE SWAMI'S SECRET

Since the long-past age when wizards crouched in their musty dens, spiritualists have tried to lure phantoms through the hushed portals of the UNKNOWN!

How could this be done? That was the Swami's secret -- a secret that promised untold power -- but it was a dread power no human can control!

I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED TO VISIT A SPIRITUALIST...
BUT NOW THAT I'VE GOT AN APPOINT-
MENT WITH SWAMI HESHUG--
I HATE TO THINK OF WHAT
MIGHT HAPPEN!

INside -- alone with the creaking floor boards -- the swaying drapes -- and the glinting eyes of Swami Heshug!

I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOUR AMAZING POWERS FROM FRIENDS, SWAMI -- AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO SUMMON THE SPIRIT OF MY UNCLE!

HE DIED SIX YEARS AGO! AH, YOUNG LADY -- HE HAS BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT! PLEASE STAND BESIDE THE CRYSTAL BALL -- AND AFTER I HAVE GONE INTO A TRANCE -- YOUR UNCLE'S GHOST WILL RISE!

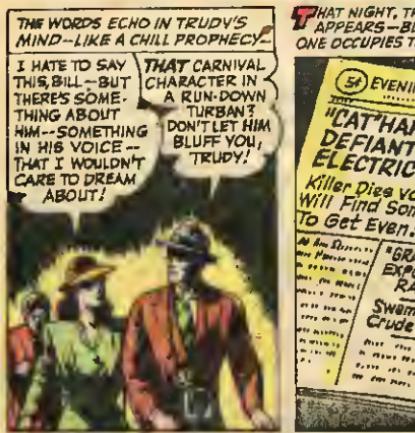
THEN -- AS THE SWAMI'S VOICE DRONES INTO THE GLOOM --

I AM SURROUNDED BY SPIRITS... ONE OF THEM RECOGNIZES A FAMILIAR FACE... IT IS CROSSING OVER -- INTO THIS ROOM!

OH, HEAVENS -- I'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

SUDDENLY -- BOTH GLOOM AND TRANCE DISSOLVE IN A FLASH OF LIGHT!

IMPS OF TOPHET -- WHAT'S THAT?





WHAT'S THIS IN THE HEADLINE? THEY'VE EXECUTED "CAT" HARRIS--AND THAT MEANS HIS SPIRIT HAS BEEN RELEASED--
CHARGED WITH THE SAME VICTIOUSNESS THAT MADE HARRIS A RUTHLESS KILLER!



THEN, AS THE SMOKE THICKENS, I WILL GO INTO A TRANCE--AND CONDUCT THE SPIRIT OF "CAT" HARRIS TO MY RETREAT! IT WILL OBEY ME--AS LONG AS THE MAGIC HERBS GIVE OFF THEIR FUMES!

SOON AFTERWARD--WITH THE MOON BROODING
OVER THE CEMETERY LIKE A GHOSTLY EYE--

HOPE WE WON'T HAVE TO PERK UP, HONEY--
SEARCH FOR HARRIS'S GRAVE, BILL--IT MIGHT
TAKE HOURS!

THE POLICE GAVE ME
THE PRECISE SPOT!



AT THE FRESHLY-TURNED MOUND--

I KNOW THERE'S NOTHING
REALLY SPOOKY ABOUT A
CEMETERY--BUT SOMEHOW,
I CAN'T CONVINCE MY
NERVES!

THAT'S A FINE
WAY TO TALK--RIGHT
AFTER HELPING ME
DEBUNK SWAMI
HESHUG!



SUDDENLY--

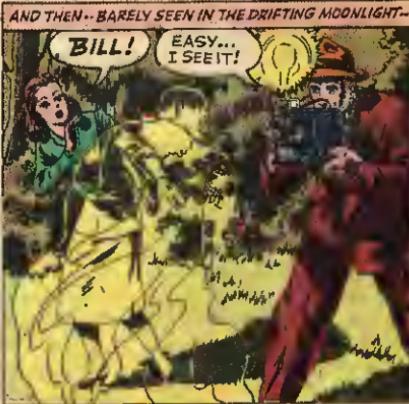
FEEL THAT, TRUDY? THE
GROUND SEEMS TO BE
SHAKING!

BILL--LOOK!
THERE'S SOME KIND
OF TERRIBLE GLOW
COMING FROM
THE EARTH!



AND THEN--BARELY SEEN IN THE DRIFTING MOONLIGHT--

BILL!
EASY...
I SEE IT!



I DON'T LIKE THE WAY IT'S
STALKING US--BUT I WANT
MORE PICTURES OF THAT
THING! KEEP CLEAR, TRUDY!

AS THE STRANGE SHAPE
HOVERS SILENTLY CLOSER--

BILL--LOOK OUT!
DON'T LET IT
GET YOU!



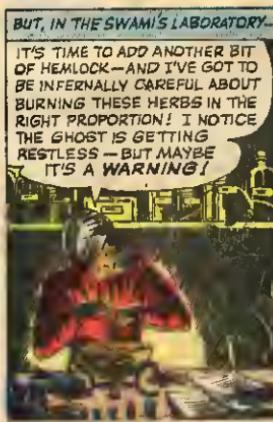
CRASH!

UNEXPECTEDLY--

FUNNY! HERE I AM, HELPLESS--
AND THAT THING IS
VANISHING!









CATCHING ON THE JAGGED GLASS, THE HAZEL TWIG DROPS FROM BILL'S POCKET--THE ONE THING THAT CAN STAVE OFF THE LURKING EVIL IN THE SWAMI'S LAIR!



AHEAD--NOTHING BUT A STAIRWAY RISING ENDLESSLY INTO THE GLOOM--AND A DISTANT HUM!

NO USE WONDERING WHAT MAKES THAT STRANGE WHIRRING NOISE--OR WHERE THESE STAIRS LEAD! I'M GOING UP!



MINUTES PASS--AND STILL--



MEANWHILE--

I WOULDN'T BE SO TERRIFIED--EVEN WITH THAT THING STARING AT ME--IF I ONLY KNEW BILL WERE SAFE!



GOADED INTO AN ANGER GREATER
THAN FEAR--

I'M NOT GOING TO
STAND HERE--AND
LET YOU TORTURE
BILL WITH YOUR
HORRIBLE
SCHEMES!

YOU THINK
THAT'S ALL
HAH? JUST
WAIT!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT--

OOOPS! I'LL BE
JIGGERED! THESE STEPS
HAVE BEEN MOVING DOWN
--AND THEY'VE
SUDDENLY STOPPED!



IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO THROW
A SWITCH--BUT NOW--LET'S
SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO
AGAINST THE SPIRIT
OF "CAT" HARRIS!

HERE'S WHERE THE
SWAMI LEARNS ABOUT
HAZEL TWIGS! GREAT
GUNS--I'VE
LOST IT!



AS THE PHANTOM HOVERS CLOSER--

OH, BILL--
DARLING!

NOW THAT YOU'RE TOGETHER,
YOU'VE CERTAINLY GOT THE
MATERIAL FOR A GRIPPING NEW
ARTICLE ON GHOSTS--IF YOU
LIVE LONG ENOUGH
TO WRITE
IT!

JUST IN CASE WE CAN'T STOP THE
PHANTOM--I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE
CARE OF YOU WHILE I HAVE
THE CHANCE!



SHADES OF SHEOL-- MY ENTIRE SUPPLY OF
MAGIC HERBS IS BURNING! THERE'S NO
TELLING NOW WHAT THE GHOST WILL--
WHAT'S THAT?

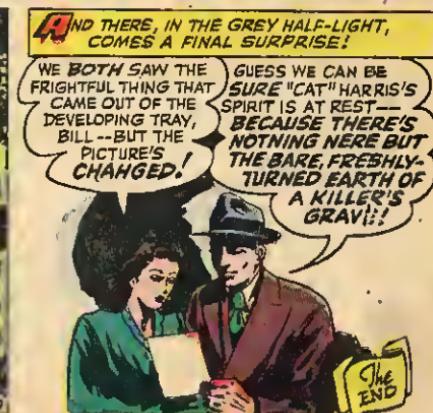
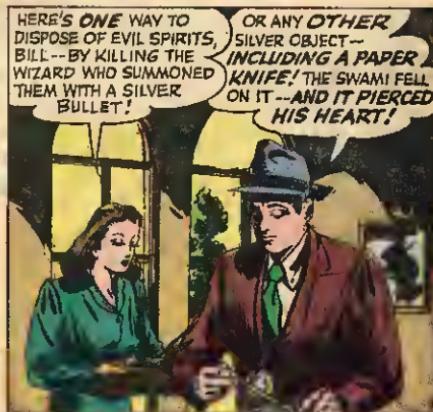
YARRGH!

LIKE THE SHADOW OF DOOM
REARING THROUGH THE MURK--

STOP!

IT'S GROWN LARGER--
FIERCE--AND IT'S
TURNING ON
ME!





HERE'S OUR 2ND PRIZE CONTEST-WINNING STORY!...

"GHOST MOTHER" by MRS. J. YAKAYIMA

I WOULD have laughed, once, if you asked me whether I believed in ghosts. Now, I'm not so sure. The reason dates back to Okinawa, during the fiery days of the second world war. The Americans were routing the Japanese in a bitterly-fought engagement, and the island was a virtual inferno. Shells shrieked through the air, bombs fell from the sky in a frenzied nightmare of rending horror. It was a life-or-death ordeal for the military, as well as for the native Okinawans, of whom I am one. I'll never forget it—never forget how we fled from the barrage.

I remember running with my wife—like the others, trying to find any shelter. It was a pitch-black night, rent by flaring explosions which dimly illuminated the grotesque heaps of bodies which lay sprawled everywhere, victims of the scourge we were attempting to escape. It was then, in a moment of sudden silence, that we heard it—a weak and childish crying that seemed oddly terrifying in itself. There couldn't be a child *here*—not in the midst of *this* carnage! But there was—a thin and miserable lad of about five or six who came falteringly towards us through the eerie gloom. I ran toward him, clutched him to me comfortingly. "What is it, sonie?" I asked. "Lose your mother?"

A heartbroken sob was enough answer for me, and his choked syllables soon supplied the rest of the tragic story. For the child's mother was dead—killed by shrapnel as she fled for safety with her small son. And now he was alone, unprotected amid this horrible strife! Miserably, he pressed a tattered photograph into my hand. Obviously, it was his mother—a slight and wistful-looking woman with dark and haunting eyes, a faint scar like a half-moon cutting across her left cheek. I tried to cheer the lad by telling him he could come with us, share our food—that we would care for him and protect him from harm. And so it was that my wife and myself continued our search for shelter amid the raging battle, but this time with the helpless child of a dead woman!

There was little rest that night. It seemed as if the heavens themselves had opened, raining blazing bombs upon us. From spot to spot we fled, the three of us, driven by a relentless hail of fire. We sought protection finally in a deep crater, and there fell into a sleep of utter exhaustion. It must have been hours later that I awoke with a sudden start and a feeling of strange unease. I didn't know what had awoke me, but then I saw *her* there—a woman whose features were barely distinguishable in the gloom. She was beckoning to me frantically, signalling for me to awake the others and follow her. I don't know why I obeyed her, but there was something about her—some strange presence—that brooked no denial. As I woke my wife and the child, the moon passed from behind a cloud, throwing an eerie radiance about this new visitor. She was a slight and wistful-looking woman with dark and haunting eyes, a faint scar like a half-moon cutting across her left cheek. I gasped, remembering the photograph, and it was at this moment that the lad caught sight of her. "Mother! Mother! You've come back!" he screamed, and threw himself frantically into her arms. I stood there dazed, rooted to the spot, cold chills chasing each other up and down my spine—and then collected myself.

Now she had detached herself from her son's grasp, and once more was soundlessly beckoning to us. There was a mute appeal about her summons that couldn't be denied. We quit the crater in which we had sought shelter, followed her questioningly across the pitted field. We must have been a hundred feet from the crater when it happened. The air was rent by the demoniac shriek of a falling bomb. There was a tremendous concussion as we hurled ourselves to the ground. When we arose, fearfully, it was to a terrible sight. The crater in which but a moment ago we had slept was vanished—blown to smithereens! Shaken, I turned to thank the woman, but there was no one there. *She had vanished into thin air!*

The APE DEMON

WE'VE GOT TO HAVE GUIDES WHEN WE ENTER THE JUNGLE TO LOOK FOR THE HANUMAN APE! TELL YOUR MEN WELL PAY THEM DOUBLE!

NO, SAHIB...WE AFRAID! ONLY POWER OF OUR GREAT GOD SIVA HAS KEPT HANUMAN IN JUNGLE! BETTER YOU GO AWAY...AND LEAVE HIM THERE!

HERE WAS A TIME WHEN THE JUNGLES OF BENGAL HARBORED A STRANGE DEMON-CULT--AND ITS' IDOL WAS A HIDEOUS APE! TODAY THE TEMPLES ARE MERE RUINS, LOST IN AN EERIE WILDERNESS--BUT THEY ARE GUARDED BY A MONSTER WHOSE CURSE GOES BACK TO THE FAR-OFF DAYS WHEN LEGENDS WERE ALIVE!

YOUR MEN AREN'T AFRAID OF TIGERS--AND YET THEY KEEP STALLING ABOUT THE HANUMAN APE! IT CAN'T BE THAT SAVAGE!

WE WILL NOT GO, SAHIB! ANYONE BITTEN BY THIS BLACK HORROR DIES, AND IS DOOMED!

GUESS THERE'S NO WAY TO GET GUIDES, DR. VANCE! WE'RE BLOCKING SOMETHING THAT LOOMS PRETTY BIG IN THE NATIVE MIND--THE UNKNOWN!

I'M A SCIENTIST, LINK... AND I'VE SPENT FIFTY YEARS TACKLING THE UNKNOWN! THE ONE THING I'M AFRAID OF IS DISAPPOINTMENT--BECAUSE IT'S MORE THAN LIKELY THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A HANUMAN APE!

I KNOW I HAVEN'T MANY YEARS LEFT--AND I'M DETERMINED TO MAKE ONE MORE GREAT DISCOVERY BEFORE I DIE! IF THE HANUMAN APE DOES EXIST, I'M NOT GOING TO BE STOPPED BY SCARE STORIES--I'M READY TO GO AFTER IT!









1. WEEK LATER--ON A SHIP BOUND FOR THE STATES...

NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE APE IN A STURDY STEEL CAGE DOWN IN THE HOLD, LINK-- I FEEL A BIT EASIER ABOUT THOSE WEIRD JUNGLE LEGENDS!

I'M SURE THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT YARN ABOUT THE APE'S BITE BEING DEADLY-- BUT JUST THE SAME-- I DON'T LIKE THE WAY DR. VANCE HAS BEEN ACTING SINCE WE SAILED YESTERDAY!





THE APE'S BITE MEANT NOT ONLY DEATH...BUT DOOM, AS WELL! AND WHAT CAN THAT MEAN BUT ENSLAVEMENT BY A DEMON—A DEMON IN THE FORM OF AN APE?

ENSLAVEMENT... THEN THE MASTER TO WHOM DR. VANCE PROMISED A WHOLE BOATLOAD OF SLAVES...IS...

THE HANUMAN APE! THERE'S A KEY MISSING, JEAN—THE KEY THAT OPENS THE CAGE!

SUDDENLY...

LINK! IT'S... OPEN-ING!

WAIT... KEEP YOUR HEAD...





WITH INFERNAL STRENGTH--THE POWER OF A DEMON UNLEASHED...



MIGHT HAVE GUESSED IT WOULD BE LIKE SWINGING ON A BOULDER! GET AWAY, JEAN... FAST!

IF I ONLY HAD SOMETHING--BUT THERE'S THAT TALISMAN THE STRANGER GAVE US--IN LINK'S POCKET!



WHAT ARE YOU REACHING FOR--A GUN? SCREAM FOR A CANNON--A BOMB--AND SEE HOW MUCH GOOD THEY'D DO!



THEN--AS THE GOLD STATUETTE GLINTS IN THE MURKY SHADOWS...



The MUMMY'S CLOTH

TIME: THE PRESENT.
PLACE: THE VALLEY OF THE NILE, EGYPT. A PARTY FROM THE INTERNATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY HAS JUST UNCOVERED THE TOMB OF SESOSTRIS, PHARAOH OF THE TWELFTH DYNASTY...UNWITTINGLY BLAZING THE PATH FOR ONE OF THE MOST GRIPPING ADVENTURES EVER TO HAVE EMERGED FROM OUT OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN!

WHAT A FIND--EH, DICK? ONE OF THE FEW TOMBS THAT HAS NEVER BEEN RAIDED BY ROBBERS! BIGGEST COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL DATA THAT'S EVER BEEN DUG UP, TOO!

LET'S OPEN THE SARCOPHAGUS, DOC--I'M ANXIOUS TO HAVE A LOOK AT THAT OLD BOY IN PERSON!



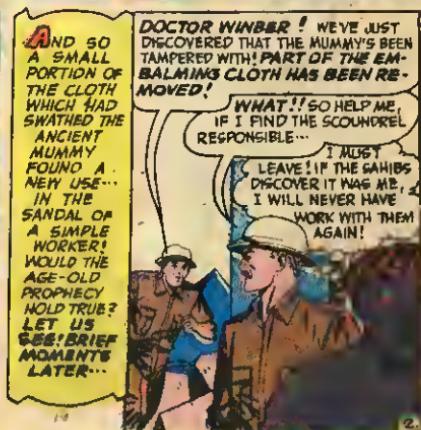
HEY--WHAT'S THIS?
I'M A LITTLE RUSTY
ON MY HIEROGLYPHICS,
BUT--HMM--"HE THAT
TOUCHES ALIHTH THAT
TOUCHES ME SHALL
SUFFER THE VENGEANCE
OF THE UNKNOWN!"

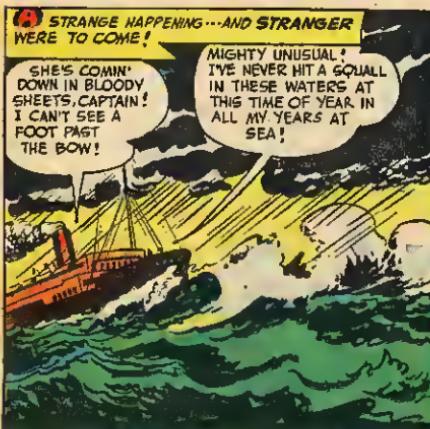
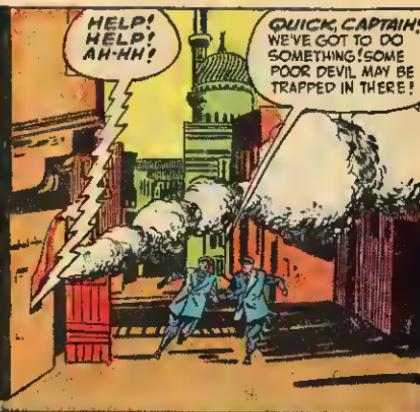
OLD SESOSTRIS
WAS PROBABLY JUST
TRYING TO SCARE OFF
GRAVE-ROBBERS,
I GUESS! FORGET IT
...AND LET'S GET
THAT LID OFF!

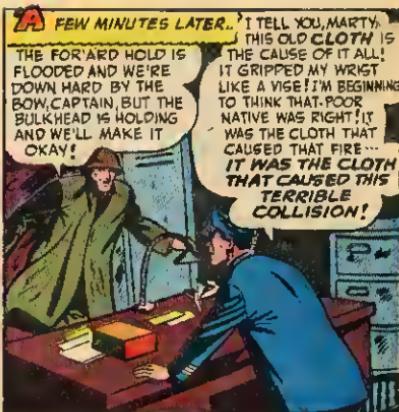
WOW! LOOK AT HIM!
...THIS OLD BOY IS ONE OF
THE MOST REMARKABLE
SPECIMENS I'VE EVER
SEEN! HE'S PERFECTLY
PRESERVED...THE EM-
BALMING BANDAGES
LOOK AS IF THEY HAD
JUST BEEN PUT ON!

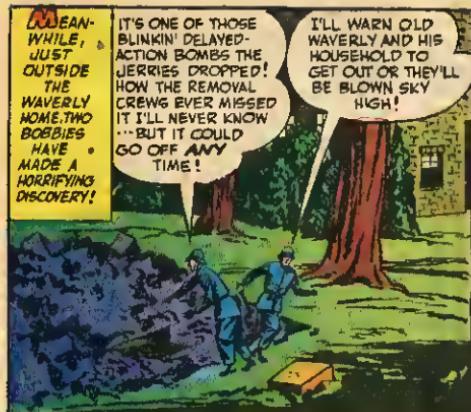
THIS WILL BE A
FEATHER IN OUR
CAP, SIR! EVERY
OTHER MUMMY
DISCOVERED HAS
BEEN IN SOME
STATE OF DISINTE-
GRATION--BUT THIS
ONE IS ABSOLUTELY
PERFECT!

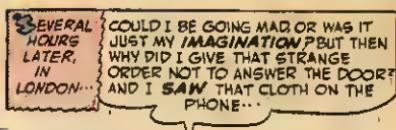


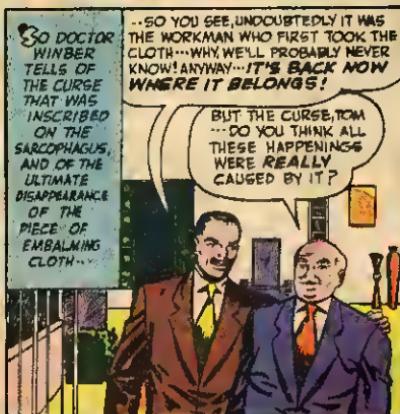












TIMELESS ^{IS THE} NIGHT

THE doctor's waiting room —was crowded. But in the office, the old doctor stood idle by the window, looking out, his gaze turned to the weather-beaten shingle on the gatepost . . . *Michael Everett, M.D.* Just below was another, gleaming new . . . *Michael Everett III, M.D.* The young man seated by the desk was a carbon copy of his grandfather. His glance was fond, his voice confident as he spoke.

"Believe me, I've learned one fact! There's *nothing* that medical science can't do . . . can't explain!"

The old doctor turned away from the window. "Nothing that science *can't* explain?" he asked. His voice was the voice of a wise man facing a lifetime of memories. "How long ago it was . . . and how short a time it seems . . . that I too was proud; confident of the powers of science! I was new in town, and full of my medical knowledge. I couldn't sleep nights waiting for my first call. I knew it would come, and it did—at night, of course!

"When my doorbell rang that night, I leaped from my bed to answer. At the door there was no one. *Not a soul!* But on the threshold I found a note. And fifteen minutes later, I found myself in the hall of a large house on Silver Hill. My patient was rich, and beautiful. Her hair was blacker than coal against the satin coverlet of her bed. Her face —whiter than milk! Her lungs were laboring, but thank Heaven there was still time to head off pneumonia. Pitifully, the girl cried out, 'Doctor, save me! I don't want to die!' As gently as I could, I comforted her and wrote out my prescription.

"'You'll be fine . . . fine!' I promised confidently. 'Science knows just the way to save your life! Send one of the servants for this medicine. I'll stop

in to see you first thing in the morning.'

"Next day, I came back to Silver Hill. I was whistling as I turned the corner to the house. Strange . . . the corner was overgrown with a tangle of weeds! And the house —suddenly I stopped, shocked breathless.

"In the light of day, the house was grey, broken, crumbling. An old ruin, in the space of a single night! A hand tapped my shoulder. I turned quickly.

"The old man had come up from the street. 'Who be ye, and what're ye after, son?' he asked. 'This place has been deserted fer *ten years*!'

"My voice grew loud and wild. 'What do you mean? Hear me, old fool, I was in there myself *last night!*'

"The old man's reply was like the cackle of a parrot. 'There ain't been anyone livin' there fer *ten years*. Come on in an' see fer yerself!'

"Inside, the richness was gone. Grime, soot remained. And one thing more . . . *the smell of death!* I remembered the way to the girl's room. It was deserted. The bed was broken, empty with the emptiness of years . . . *ten years!*

"Behind me, the old man babbled, 'Ain't no one been livin' here since the purty young mistress died!'

"All at once, I was down on my knees on the floor, bending over a scrap of clean, white paper. I couldn't pick it up. I couldn't look at it . . . and yet I couldn't hear to tear my eyes away! I was shaking uncontrollably. My voice was a shout for help.

"'Here, old one . . . here! This is the prescription I wrote for my patient last night . . . *in my own handwriting!*'"

The old doctor turned back to the window. In the chair by the office desk, the younger Doctor Michael Everett was silent.

DRUMS of the UNDEAD

"AN ANCIENT SUPERSTITION, OLD AS THE JUNGLE GODS THEMSELVES CLAIMS THAT SOULS CAN BE ENSNARED BY THE POWER OF VOODOO---PROWLING AS ZOMBIES THROUGH AN ETERNAL NIGHT! THEIR SIGNAL IS A RUM---A VOODOO DRUM---THE HALF-HEARD, HALF-FELT THROB THAT SUMMONS THE UNDEAD!"



GLAD YOU DROPPED IN, SHEILA! I'M ILLUSTRATING A STORY ON HAITI---AND WITHOUT BACKGROUND MATERIAL---I'M STUCK!

HOW ABOUT DIGGING UP YOUR OWN BACKGROUND MATERIAL? IT JUST MEANS TAKING A CAMERA TO THE MUSEUM!

I'VE HEARD THAT HAITI IS THE HOME OF VOODOO! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, BILL?

NOT MANY PEOPLE KNOW! ALL I'M SURE OF IS THAT IT'S A GOOD THING TO STAY AWAY FROM!

OH, MURDER---I DIDN'T REALIZE IT'S PAST CLOSING TIME! THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT MUSEUMS THIS TIME OF DAY---SORT OF CREEPY, BILL!

WASN'T THIS YOUR IDEA? WHERE'S GOING INSIDE---I'VE GOT AN AFTER-HOURS PASS!

AND SO---THROUGH THE SHADDED CORRIDORS---STIRRING WITH READES---THAT'S THE STUFF I WANT---THINGS THAT ALMOST MURMUR ABOUT MYSTERIOUS MIDNIGHT RITUALS!

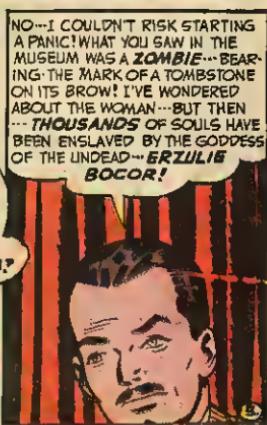
BILL---STOP! YOU'RE MAKING ME IMAGINE THINGS---OR IS IT IMAGINATION?











ERZULIE BOGOR! THAT'S HER NAME---THE WOMAN WHO TOOK THE DRUM! SHE SENT ONE OF THOSE THINGS AFTER SHEILA---AND THE CAMERA---AND SHEILA HAD THE ZOMBIE SIGN ON HER FOREHEAD!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE SHEILA AND DEFEAT THE AWFUL CREATURE WHO HAS HER IN HER POWER! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT CAMERA BACK---AND FAST!



IF ERZULIE'S PICTURE WERE TO BE DEVELOPED, IT WOULD BE DEADLY TO HER---AS DEADLY AS A BULLET WOULD BE TO A HUMAN! WE DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE IS---BUT WE DO KNOW THAT SHE HATES YOU FOR HAVING CAUSED HER THIS TROUBLE!

I GOT IT! YOU'RE PLANNING A TRAP FOR HER---USING ME AS BAIT! WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?



HYPNOTIZING YOU! IT LOWERS YOUR MENTAL RESISTANCE---AND THE UNDEAD WILL SENSE YOUR WEAKNESS! THE REST OF US WILL KEEP IN THE BACKGROUND... WHILE THAT EVIL THING SENDS ONE OF HER EMISSARIES AFTER YOU!



AND THUS, TO SAVE SHEILA, BILL CONSENTS TO AN EXPERIMENT FRAUGHT WITH DEADLY DANGER!

YOU'RE DRIFTING OFF... YOUR WILL IS WEAKENING! LISTEN---CAN'T YOU HEAR HIM APPROACHING---YOUR MESSENGER FROM THE UNKNOWN?



MAYBE I'M BEING HYPNOTIZED, TOO! I KNOW ONE WHEN I HEAR ONE... AND IT'S A DRUM!

SHHH-H! LOOK!



WAIT... NELL BE OUT OF THE HYPNOTIC TRANCE IN A FEW MINUTES! WE'LL FIND HIM---AND NEAR-BY FOLLOWING THE DRUM BEATS!

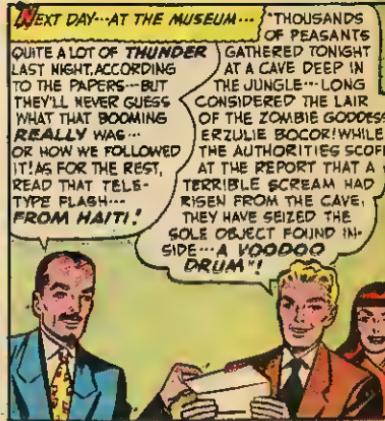
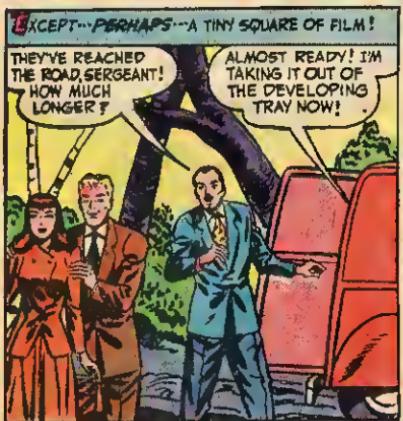


SOON---IN A LONELY GRAVEYARD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

WHERE---WHERE AM I? I'M CONSCIOUS AGAIN, AND... SHEILA!









EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

Draw up a chair, folks, and sit down! It's time for another meeting of that fast-growing organization known as *Loyal Fans* of "Adventures Into The Unknown!"

The time between our last issue and this one has been a hectic interval for us. Hectic because we were determined to come up with an all-star issue that you'd remember forever! We didn't leave a single stone unturned in this effort. We scanned your letters for the types of stories you liked best. And then we turned our research men loose, with orders to search for strange, little-known facts and occurrences out of the great *Unknown*—the very kind of material which you'd indicated you wanted! Next, our writers got busy, welding this information into tense and breathless plots which were sure-fire. Finally came the artists, bringing the stories to life through the medium of carefully-

planned and thrilling pictures.

Out of all this has emerged an issue loaded with truly gripping stories of the *Supernatural*. Such stories as "The Swami's Secret"—"The Ape Demon"—"The Mummy's Cloth"—"Drums of the Undead"—"The Case of the Roman Curse." These yarns are different—nothing like them has ever been published before! And we've gathered them for your entertainment, for this is *your* magazine! So why not do your part in helping to determine what we're going to carry in the future? It's *easy*—all you have to do is write us, telling us what you think of "Adventures Into The Unknown"—what stories you liked or disliked and why—and what you'd like to see in our next issue! Other readers are doing it—so why not you? And just in case you'd like to know what some of those others are saying about us, here goes!

"I have always been fascinated by supernatural stories. I have read many such stories, but after I read your *Adventures Into The Unknown* for the first time, I feel that the stories you print are more realistic and exciting than any that I have ever read. I like them because they appeal to the imagination. I look forward to every issue and can't put down your comic book till I finish it. Keep up the good work!"

—Fred W. Goldstein, 811 E. 178th St., New York, N. Y.

Glad you feel that way about our magazine, Mr. Goldstein! We'll try to keep it rolling the way you want it!

"In my opinion, yours is the best magazine on sale today. I have always been a follower of this type of literature and I think that *Adventures Into The Unknown* is tops in this field. It is so good that I have decided to own every issue published. Here is \$1.20 for a 12-issue subscription, plus 20c for which please send me issues Nos. 1 and 2, which I unfortunately missed. Thanks a million for the most thrilling comic book I have ever read!"

—James Parry, R.F.D. No. 2, Taft Road, E. Syracuse, N. Y.

Thanks for your kind words, Mr. Parry—and for your subscription! There's even better material coming—that's a promise!

"I have just finished reading your April-May issue. It certainly is a wonderful magazine! I especially liked your story, *Back to Yesterday*. I wish you would have more stories concerning reincarnation. I'd also like to see a whole magazine filled with nothing but stories about werewolves. I'm very interested in that subject! Unfortunately, I missed the issue which told about your contest. I've quite a story to tell—could you renew the contest? Your faithful reader—"

—David Roggenschach, R.R. 1, Altoona, Iowa

We'll keep your wants in mind in framing future issues! Sorry you missed the contest, but we're considering an even more interesting one for the future—watch for announcement!

In this issue—our second-prize contest-winning story—"Ghost Mother," by Mrs. J. Yakayima! Congratulations, Mrs. Yakayima, for one of the most captivating and eerie stories in months! Your check's in the mail right now, bound for far-off Hawaii! And you readers—watch for our next issue, with more prize-winning information!

SOMETHING NEW...

Something DIFFERENT!

FOR THE FIRST TIME--THRILL-LADEN ROMANCES--GRIPPING LOVE STORIES! HEART-THROB TALES YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER--BECAUSE THEY MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO **YOU!** FOR GREAT ADVENTURES IN ROMANCE--FOR THE MOST CAPTIVATING LOVE STORIES EVER TOLD...

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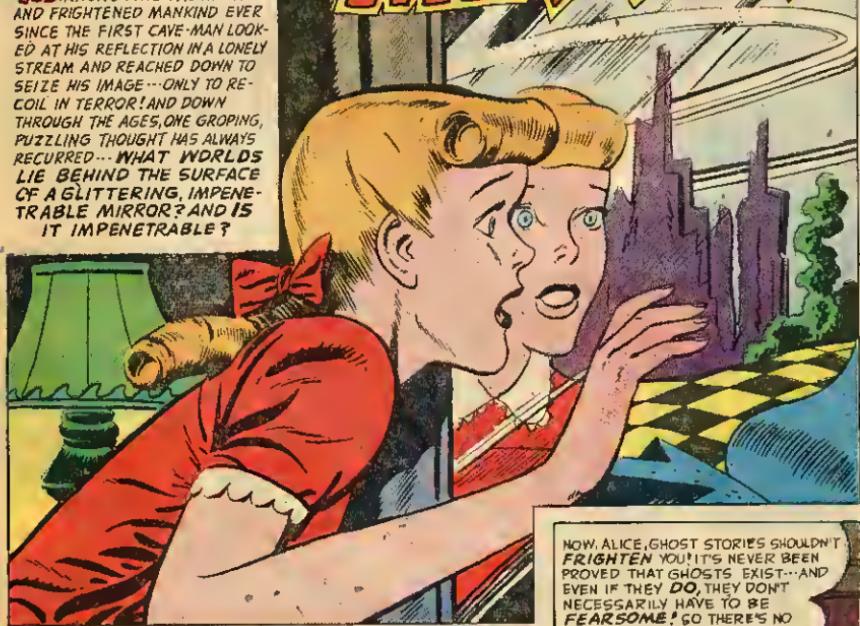
Romantic Adventures

10¢

ON ALL
STANDS

The WORLD beyond the MIRROR

MIRRORS HAVE FASCINATED AND FRIGHTENED MANKIND EVER SINCE THE FIRST CAVE-MAN LOOKED AT HIS REFLECTION IN A LONELY STREAM AND REACHED DOWN TO SEIZE HIS IMAGE--ONLY TO RECOIL IN TERROR! AND DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, ONE GROPING, PUZZLING THOUGHT HAS ALWAYS REURRED--WHAT WORLDS LIE BEHIND THE SURFACE OF A GLITTERING, IMPENETRABLE MIRROR? AND IS IT IMPENETRABLE?



LET'S LOOK IN ON A QUIET, MOODY GIRL, FOREVER ABSORBED IN BOOKS!...AND TODAY IN HER UNCLE'S LIBRARY, SHE'S FOUND ONE VOLUME THAT SHE CAN'T TEAR HERSELF AWAY FROM...

G...GOLLY! I'D SURE HATE TO MEET UP WITH ONE OF THESE GHOSTS!



NOW, ALICE, GHOST STORIES SHOULDN'T FRIGHTEN YOU! IT'S NEVER BEEN PROVED THAT GHOSTS EXIST...AND EVEN IF THEY DO, THEY DON'T NECESSARILY HAVE TO BE FEARSOME! SO THERE'S NO REASON FOR YOU TO BE AFRAID IF YOU'RE LEFT ALONE FOR A WHILE...I'M GOING OUT FOR A WALK!



HUH, AFRAID! THERE'S
NOTHING TO BE AFRAID ABOUT
---IF GHOSTS DO EXIST IN
SOME OTHER WORLD, THERE'S
NO WAY FOR ANYONE TO GET
INTO THAT WORLD! OR
IS THERE...?



GOSH, IF ONLY I COULD BE
THE FIRST ONE TO EXPLORE
A GHOST'S WORLD... IF
ONLY I COULD GET INTO IT
BY... BY JUST WALKING
THROUGH THIS MIRROR
... LIKE ALICE IN
WONDERLAND!



I'D JUST HAVE TO STRETCH OUT
MY HAND, LIKE THE "OHHH! M...
MY HAND!... IT... IT WENT
THROUGH THE MIRROR!"



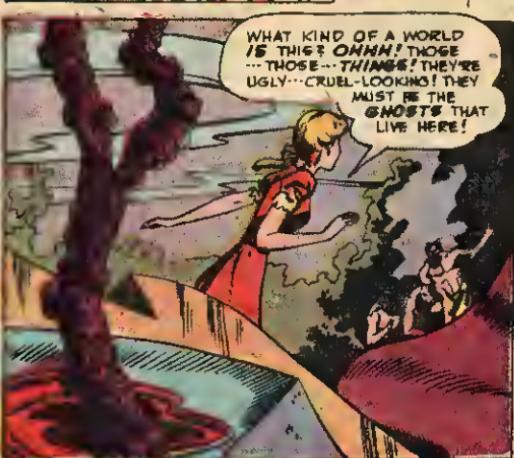
I... I'M
BEING PULLED IN
... BY SOME-
THING! IT... IT'S
ALMOST AS IF THE
SPIRITS HEARD
ME TALKING!

... AND THE MOMENT ALICE IS COMPLETELY DRAWN
THROUGH THE MIRROR BY SOME STRANGE, COMPELL-
ING POWER...

THE... THE MIRROR!
IT'S DISAPPEARING!
OH, WHERE AM I? WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO ME?



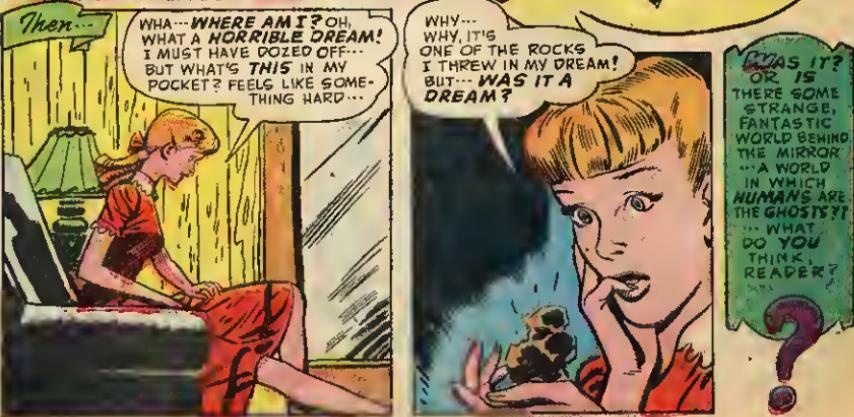
WHAT KIND OF A WORLD
IS THIS! OHHH! THOSE
... THOSE... THINGS! THEY'RE
UGLY... CRUEL-LOOKING! THEY
MUST BE THE
GHOSTS THAT
LIVE HERE!



THEY'LL GET ME!
I'VE GOT TO... OH,
THERE ARE SOME
PEOPLE... HELP!
HELP!



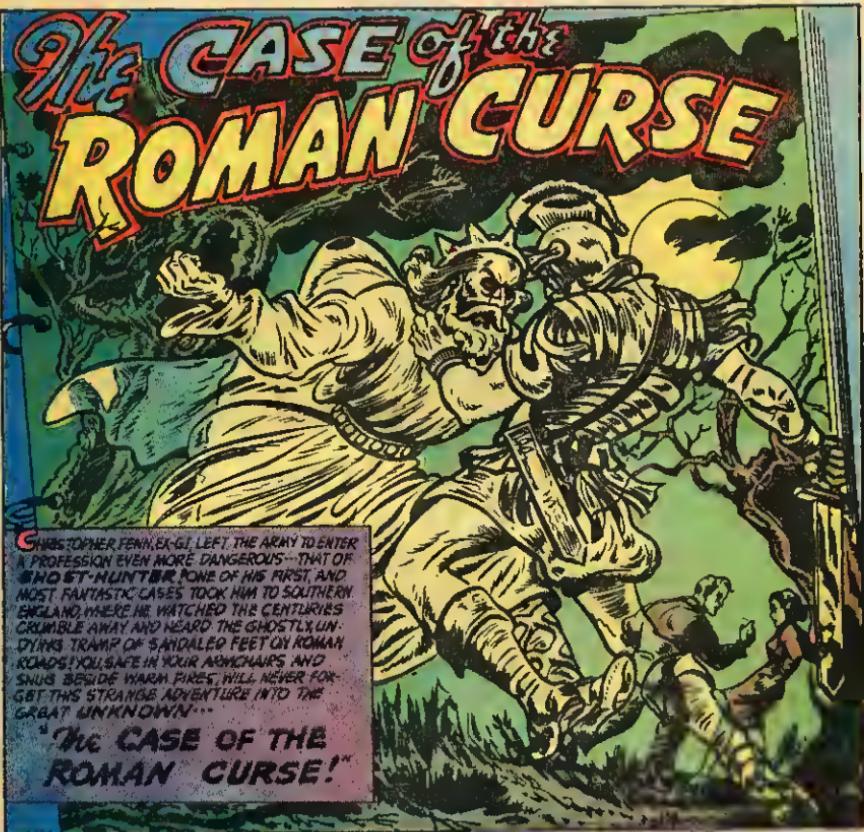




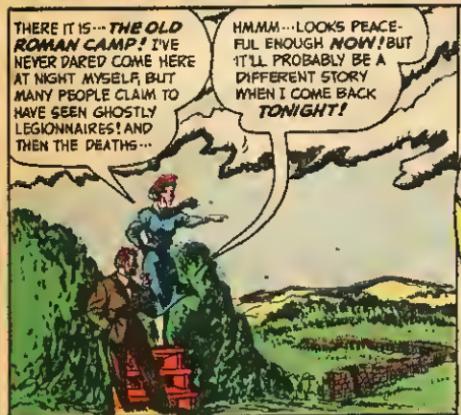
The CASE of the ROMAN CURSE

CHRISTOPHER FENN, EX-GL, LEFT THE ARMY TO ENTER A PROFESSION EVEN MORE DANGEROUS--THAT OF GHOST-HUNTER. ONE OF HIS FIRST AND MOST FANTASTIC CASES TOOK HIM TO SOUTHERN ENGLAND, WHERE HE WATCHED THE CENTURIES CRUMBLE AWAY AND HEARD THE GHOSTS! UNDYING TRAMP OF SANDAL-FOOT ON ROMAN ROADS! YOU, SAFE IN YOUR ARMCHAIRS AND SNUZ BESIDE WARM FIRES, WILL NEVER FORGET THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN...

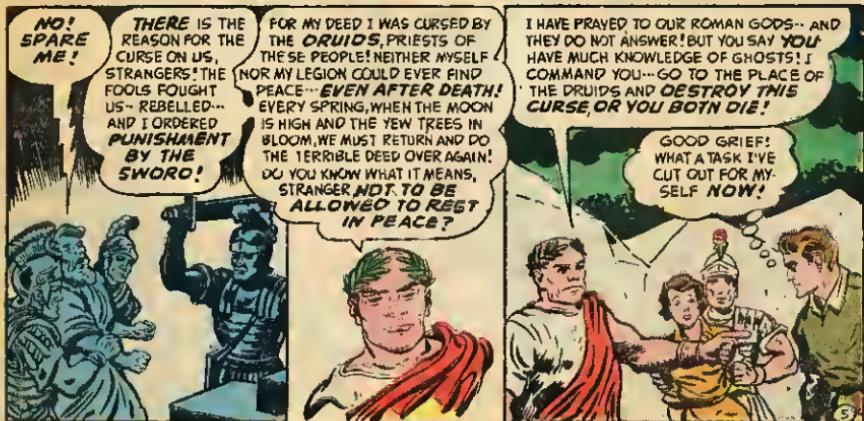
The CASE of the ROMAN CURSE!



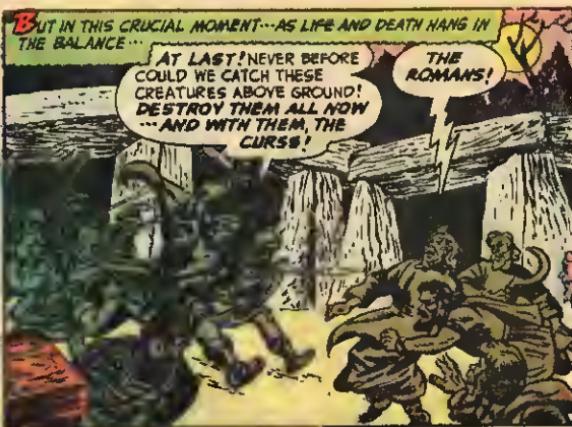


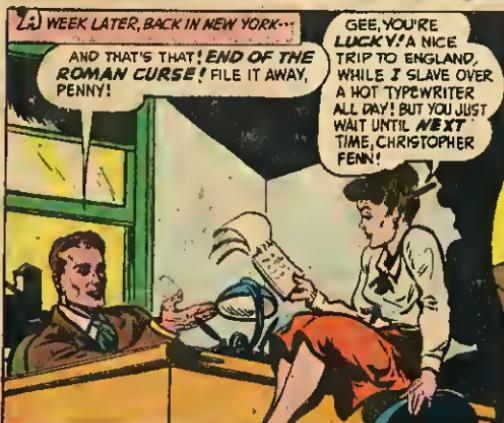










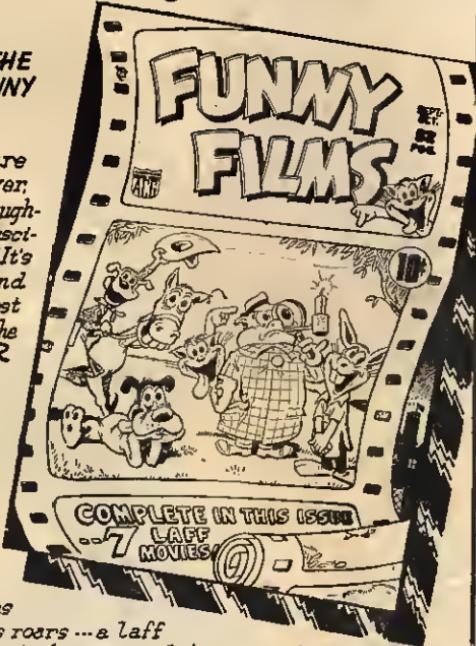


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ON ALL
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